Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1914 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The "Little Book of Modern Verse" compiled by Jessie B. Rittenhouse and published by the *Houghton Mifflin Company* at the close of last year, already so favorably commended to UNITY readers, will be exploited at the Tower Hill Summer School, Tower Hill, Wis. in connection with other recent poetry. Copies of the above book can be obtained at the UNITY office until the 15th of June and after the 1st of July at the Tower Hill postoffice.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1914 NUMBER 13

CLOVER.

Little masters, hat in hand,
Let me in your presence stand,
Till your silence solve for me
This your threefold mystery.

Tell me—for I long to know—
How, in darkness there below,
Was your fairy fabric spun,
Spread and fashioned three in one.

Did your gossips gold and blue,
Sky and Sunshine, choose for you,
Ere your triple forms were seen,
Suited liveries of green?

Can ye—if ye dwelt indeed
Captives of a prison seed—
Like the Genie, once again
Get you back into the grain?

Little masters, may I stand,
In your presence, hat in hand,
Waiting till you solve for me
This your threefold mystery?

—*John B. Tabb.*

The Second Class Mail Bag for May, gives some interesting facts concerning the postage stamp. Sir Roland Hill, England's great Postmaster General, introduced it in 1840. Brazil, and not the boastful progressive United States, was the next government to adopt it; it was seven years before the latter dared venture, and still Brazil is summarily dismissed by the "American" mind as one of the Latin-American republics lagging behind the United States.

"The Menace of Drink' is the title of an impromptu address delivered by the venerable ex-President of Harvard College, Charles W. Eliot, at Buffalo, New York, while he was acting as president of the General Unitarian Conference last October. This leaflet has been published for free distribution by the Unitarian Temperance Society, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, and can be had in quantities for the asking, and there should be many asked for. At our earliest convenience the speech, short though powerful, will be reproduced in these columns.

The American Library Association is to meet in Washington this week. The following figures write their own editorial: Forty years ago there were 2,000 libraries in the United States with an average of 1,000 volumes or over. Ten years later the number was doubled. Another ten years and it was doubled again. The present total is 12,000 libraries of more than 1,000 books each. In cities of over 5,000 population more than 90,000,000 volumes are offered free to the public and this stock is increasing at the rate of about a million a year. Twenty-five million dollars are annually expended for these books and the public library buildings in these cities aggregate $125,000,000.

The "Nava Vidhan" is a name sufficiently unintelligible to carry the imagination far eastward, but the following declaration of principles will represent the dream of the Occident, as well as the Orient. It represents the longing of millions of would-be Christians. This dream is one of the facts to be recognized by the scientist and the philosopher:

We believe in the Church Universal, which is the deposit of all ancient wisdom and the receptacle of all modern science; which recognizes in all prophets and saints a harmony, in all scriptures a unity and through all dispensations a continuity; which adjures all that separates and always magnifies unity and peace; which harmonizes reason and faith, *yoga* and *bhakti*, asceticism and social duty in their highest forms, and which shall make of all nations and sects One Kingdom and One Family in the fulness of time.

Our creed is the science of God which enlighteneth all.
Our Gospel is the Love of God which saveth all.
Heaven is Life in God which is accessible to all.
Our Church is that invisible Kingdom of God in which is all Truth, all Love, all Holiness.

The Inquirer (London), speaking of the report of the English commission on faith and mental healing, wisely remarks:

It is not the people who try to drag the Christian faith back into the atmosphere of miracle and magic who have a robust and inspiring belief in God, but those who find Him everywhere, and seek for the signs of his grace not in the obscure and the irregular but in the normal workings of his will. Medical science is more wonderful than miraculous cures can ever be, because it covers a wider field of divine activity and makes much bigger demands upon the noblest qualities of human character.

* * * *

If some of the clergy are going to use white magic for the healing of disease, they encourage other people to use black magic for the telling of fortunes or the blasting of their enemies. The exorcist will drive a brisk trade; the belief in witchcraft and fortune-telling gypsies will again claim its crowd of dupes and victims; all that has been won for religion by the growth of scientific thought and the idealism of modern literature will become as a dream of yesterday; and men, led captive by their own passions and superstitious fears, will lose their power to worship God in spirit and in truth.

The going out of business of the United States Express Company raises a good many interesting questions. What is to be done with all these express cars and expert employes? Why not ultilize this outgrown plant in the parcel post service of the United States, or if outside there is still a place for the private handling of express matter, why should not the railroads

themselves take over the business? Capital invested in the express companies, it is well understood, has been largely held by men more or less interested in railroad activities. They were favored stockholders, interested in both railroad and express companies so that their profit was secured going or coming. Was it a case of "heads I win, tails you lose?" Perhaps Uncle Sam will eventually conclude to run the whole business for the benefit of his stockholders, which includes all the people.

The recent failure, at the end of twenty-five years, of one of the well established restaurants in the down town district of Chicago, has more than economic significance. With tears the old employes grasped the hand of the genial proprietor, as they passed out for the last time from a catering establishment which had commanded the respect of patrons and employes. The proprietor, now an old man, said sadly, "This is the end of a life-long industry;" and the end came, according to his own analysis of the situation, from his stubborn refusal to yield to the demands of the time by installing a cabaret to lure the customers he so well knew how to feed. To him the "high jinks," buffoonery and tango dancing seemed an intrusion, quiet aside from any question of taste or morality. Is not the cabaret at its best an indication of degeneracy, an offense to good taste more silly than wicked? If it is exonerated from all other viciousness it has the vice of extravagance, for somebody must pay for all this foolishness, and it does not require a course in economics to find out who does the paying.

The Daughters of the American Revolution who some years ago exercised a questionable patriotism by recommending a restoration of the canteen in the army as a temperance measure, have received new light on the subject apparently, and have withdrawn their recommendation. Perhaps the recent action of Secretary Daniels, banishing all tippling from the navy, may have helped these sisters to have faith that that which is bad in civil life cannot be good in military life. While the great industrial plants and far-reaching corporations are insisting on total abstinence on the part of their employes, while in the interest of prosperity and efficiency the "dry" territory is being extended by leaps and bounds from ocean to ocean, it is not strange that even "The Daughters of the American Revolution," devoted to the traditions which reach lovingly around the bottle, should realize that times have changed; and that if army life in times of peace is so intolerably tame, stupid and depressing, as to need systematic provision for alcoholic stimulants, the life itself needs reform, and, perchance, should be abolished altogether.

These are days of religious conventions and school commencements. Students of human welfare and civic progress may well take note of the proceedings of these days. A golden opportunity will be missed, the friends of progress will be disappointed and religion will be seriously wounded in the house of its friends, if there does not go forth to Washington ringing pleas for the advancement of the cause of arbitration, the reduction of armaments—if not by a consent of nations, then by leadership of the nations on the part of the United States, and an unequivocal demand for a Third Hague Conference. Unless the organized religious bodies who affect the discipleship of Him whom they call the "Prince of Peace," are ready to declare themselves against the brutality of war, their unconscious hypocrisy should be called by its right name. Last week the Western Unitarian Conference, in session in Chicago, passed a hearty endorsement of President Wilson's peace policy, the resolution being introduced by the President, Morton D. Hull, member of the Illinois State Legislature. As we write the great General Assembly of the Presbyterians is in session and their declarations on these subjects will be watched for with great interest. A failure on the part of this Assembly to declare itself in unequivocal terms on this subject will be a sad revealment of something hollow in the religious pretenses of the age.

Few people will take note of one of the most significant celebrations of the year 1914, which is to take place on June 6th to 13th at New Harmony, Indiana. The name of the town will carry but little connotation to the average reader. It is a little spot, way down in the pocket of Indiana, founded a hundred years ago by George Rapp, a German idealist, leader of a religious community, a community with the significant name of "New Harmony." It was an economic a swell as religious community. George Rapp and his associates flourished so that twelve years later they needed more room, so they sold out their holdings to Robert Owen, a Welsh dreamer, who with more radical opinions still, proceeded to establish an industrial community; this also flourished and carried in its wake some of the most interesting social adventures in the history of the United States. Robert Owen's community took possession in 1825. In 1826 the first kindergarten ever organized in America was established there. The same year the first free school in America was established there, which was also the first co-educational venture. The prohibition by government administration, of the sale of liquors, was first enforced there. It is claimed that the right of women to take part in local government was first asserted there by Frances Wright. It is claimed that the first Woman's Club, known as "The Minerva," was organized there by Miss Con-

stance Owen Fauntleroy in 1859. Way back in the '30's New Harmony was a new Athens in the woods. Here scientists were at home. All this is to be duly celebrated in a centennial on the above dates. There will be a "Rapp Day," a "Devotional Day," an "Owen Day," a "Woman's Day," an "Indiana Day," a "Fraternal Day," a "Posey County Day" and a "Children's Day." Ex-President Taft, Senators Schively and Kern and other leading men and women of the nation will be there to take part. The student of American history will do well to take note of the fact that Boston may well look to its laurels when the full story of American idealism and republican adventure shall be adequately told. The names of George Rapp and Robert Owen are negligible terms now in current thought and literature, but they are names to be reckoned with before the growth of democracy, economic justice and business co-operation and combine is fully recorded.

Horace McKay

Another soldier on the battle line of reform, ever in the vanguard of progress, has been mustered out. Whatever has been best in the ambitions of Indianapolis for the last forty-eight years has reckoned upon the co-operation of Horace McKay. Whether it was civic betterment, popular lectures, better roads, the rights of the colored man, the claims of women for justice on election day, or a better adjustment of religion to the conclusions of science and the demands of freedom, Horace McKay could be counted upon.

Mr. McKay was a conspicuous representative of that large class of boyish soldiers, who from '61 to '65 served an apprenticeship with the weapons of war in such a way that they became efficient veterans in the life-long service of peace. To the Ohio farmer boy, with Quaker antecedents, the gun and the sword were but provisional weapons. A free mind, a warm heart, and the consecrated ballot, were weapons more to his liking, more worthy of his metal and immensely more to the needs of his day. He was one of the boys who went into the army, not primarily to save the Union, but to free the slave. He knew the primal inspirations of that struggle, the inspirations of liberty and of justice. His transfer from being an enlisted man in the Seventy-ninth Ohio Infantry to being a captain of a company in the Fifteenth Colored Infantry was natural promotion.

The story of Mr. McKay's service to the city of Indianapolis, which became his home immediately after the war, runs into the complexities of city life. His service in its Common Council, on its Public School Board, on numberless commissions and committees, is too deeply enmeshed in the better life of that progressive city to be spoken of in these columns.

The acquaintance of the present writer with McKay reaches back nearly forty years. He was an unfailing supporter of the old Unitarian Church of Indianapolis when A. Freeman Bailey, George W. Cooke and others, held up the banner of progressive religion. In those early days the Senior Editor of UNITY spent several anxious weeks in trying to decide whether or not the invitation to take up the work in Indianapolis was imperative. For better or worse the invitation was declined, but the friendships then formed, and the acquaintance with McKay and his family, have staid through all these years. When the old Unitarian Church faded away to give room to the more liberal and efficient work of Oscar McCullough under the name of Plymouth Church, McKay was his right-hand man, and as chairman of the lecture committee brought into the life of Indianapolis the personality and the message of the leading men in Europe and America.

Mr. Dewhurst of blessed momory, who followed Mr. McCullough, found Mr. McKay the dependable man, the lay associate minister. And when Mr. Dewhurst came to Chicago and the progressive cause seemed for a time to be bereft of a spokesman, the resourceful McKay saw the need and met it by a new Unitarian Church which was duly housed in a new church building and justified by an adequate leader, in the person of Rev. Frank S. C. Wickes.

Though these last years led into physical weakness, pain did but serve to quicken his interest and deepen his loyalty. A local tribute shaped this sentence which serves our purpose: "He never was slack-twisted or half-hearted but always determined and persistent." He might have been mayor but he would harbor no trading in votes. He was leader of the City Council when integrity and ability were conspicuous. But the public functionary in many capacities, is dimmed by the greater radiance of his domestic loyalty, his capacity for comradeship, his religious consecration and his fidelity to ideals. Here was a business man engaged in absorbing activities, carrying great commercial responsibilities, whose office was never more than an accessory to his life; to him business was never "business" but an adjunct of life, an instrument of usefulness and an aid to character.

Mr. McKay was a man with a woman's heart, and he recognized the needs of the "eternally-womanly" in the affairs of the state as in the affairs of home and church, and was content with a co-partnership in these affairs. He lived largely in that human realm where sex, sect, race and class lines are but superficial scratches. He believed in the profound realm of soul, in which men and women are joint partakers.

In the death of McKay UNITY has lost a life long friend, and we join in the griefs and the hopes of nearer and dearer ones.

The Church Humilitant

Of old, ideas journeyed in ox carts, and the roads were very bad, sometimes quite impassable. It is not so today. The press has become a vast sounding-board, a whispering gallery, and a hall of mirrors. Whoever has anything to say has the world for his audience, and even those who have nothing to say are heard for their much speaking. Truth scatters her pollen to every wind. Never did the passion for propaganda have so many avenues and influences open to its service.

For example, in a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly* the idea of substituting sociology for theology was set forth in the best manner of modern journalism, under the title of "Robbing Jesus to Pay Paul." There we learn that St. Paul was indeed the chief of sinners, but in a way and for a reason far different from that which he confessed. He was indeed the meanest kind of a man known to the modern world, a reactionary. Revolting from the simple democracy, if not socialism of Jesus, he deflected the church from its true course and made it the servant of privilege. Our age, however, has found him out and is determined to place him where he belongs. All of which is very interesting, and it was proper that it be announced in *Harper's Weekly*.

Facts could not be plainer. Once upon a time religion was a purely personal matter. The question with Newman at Littlemore was, if he were called to die, could he be assured that his soul was safe. With the old Puritan it was the same—was his calling and election sure? In the Bunyan allegory a selfish and self-centered man sets out from the City of Destruction to the City of God, alone. All now is different. Instead of fleeing the City of Satan the pilgrim of our day is asked to stay and clean up the city, elect new officers, scour the slums, and put things to rights. Our hope lies in sociology.

With this new spirit every live man is in deepest sympathy. It is magnificent—this call to reform society and create an air in which religion can live. It is heroic—this demand for social justice, fair opportunity, and the right of every man to stretch his arms and his soul in the sunlight. It is prophetic—this vision of humanity as a family, united by ties of blood and soul and destiny, rising or sinking together. Nevertheless, it is possible to lose our perspective and emphasize one aspect of things to our common injury—if indeed we have not already done so.

Other facts are equally obvious. In his "Winds of Doctrine" Professor Santayana tells us that "our whole life and mind today is saturated with the slow, upward infiltration of a new spirit—that of an emancipated, atheistic, international democracy." With this verdict Shotwell agrees—only, it is the atheism of science. "So then," as St. Paul would say, the shifting of emphasis from personal religion to social activity, in so far as it brings about what Harnack calls "the acute secularizing of Christianity," will leave the church helpless to cope with the new advancing atheism.

Why this change of emphasis from the unique and peculiar ministry of the church to something which should be the fruit of that benign ministry? It is a new uprising impulse, or only a panic of fear that the church will suffer still further loss of influence and power? Or has the church become infected with the current lack of faith in the highest appeals, and must needs resort to the modern evangel of coercion? What lies back of the tendency of the church to turn aside from her high labors and make effort to do anything else save the one thing appointed her to do?

Once the church supported men, upheld them with a fortifying faith, and sustained them in the crises of life and death. Now men are besieged and besought to support the church! Sad unto tears are the desperate attempts to keep the church to the fore—publicity, booster programs, freakish evangelism, and the like. Sadder still is the pitiful effort to make up in organization what is lacking in inspiration. Today the church walks in the Valley of Humiliation, and if she learns in sorrow the folly of aping the tactics of the world and how to trust her God and make him eloquent to men, it will be well.

Social service? What preacher of our day does for his city a tithe of what Savonarola did for Florence? Did not Wesley redeem England from something worse than a French revolution, by capturing for his Master the restless spirits who would have fomented such a revolution? Was the method of John Woolman too individualistic, as we are now told? If so, what has our social method to show of greater moment than his gentle service in turning the Society of Friends against the social horror of human slavery? Turn to the Whittier edition of the "Journal" of Woolman, and read how that seer-like soul foresaw the Civil War and joined in the shout of victory over the downfall of the iniquity against which he fought!

How did Francis of Assisi, who was one of the greatest social reformers of history, abolish the plague of leprosy, rebuke the rot of luxury, and overthrow a political theory on which the whole fabric of European statecraft rested? How was it that feudalism fell and democracy began at the sound of his voice, as, with rough robe, he went to and fro practicing poverty and preaching to the doves? Did Francis start out, deliberately and of set purpose, to do such things? Was he a social agitator wearing the habit of religion? No, no! He simply taught the love of God, *and lived it*—went singing through the

world in the vision of life as love and comradeship! "We know as much as we do," was his motto, the social results followed his life of love and pity and joy, as fruits follow flowers.

Has Christianity failed? No; it has never been tried! When we dare to be Christians, as Francis dared, there will no longer be any talk about an impotent church and a pulpit bereft of power. If in these Lenten days the church would go down on its knees and pray to be healed of its worship of wealth and its sectarian vanity, stop putting the cart before the horse, and set itself to do the work God gave it to do, the long-expected revival would be here! So long as the church has the power to reclaim the lost and wandering, to nurture the young in faith and righteousness, to refine and exalt the lives of men, the tabernacle of God is with men. When it loses that power, it may be useful in some ways, but it is apt to become a dead weight upon the world.

What was the secret of Wesley and Francis? Only this—that in an age of fierce feud, vulgar luxury and fading faith the latent Christ-spirit came to the surface and took lovely and appealing form! When the church fails, as it has often failed through folly or default, then her Master, who is never far away, comes again to rescue and redeem. When all is said, the Eternal Christ is the only hope of the Church and the World, and the wise old Bible remains, despite the lapse of ages, the greatest Modern Book. We must have done with our futile effort to substitute activity for power, change for progress, and return to the realities that abide—not that we may render less social service, but vastly more and better service.

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

War Lobbying in Europe

The following is from *Il Progresso,* a daily Italian newspaper in New York:

Berlin, May 12, 1914.

The Socialist delegate, Dr. Liebknecht, who last year asserted before the Reichstag that the war office was so corrupted by the Krupp firm that it gave to the firm certain military documents for a compensation, has again entered the breech with the statement of the discovery of an international armament trust. He declares that this industry is represented in Germany with a minimum capital of 125 millions of dollars of invested capital, and that many high officials of the government, the army and the marine service, are members of the board of control of the Krupp firm.

Dr. Liebknecht also declares that Dr. Hermann S. Paasche, vice-president of the Reichstag, the new Minister of the Interior and Count von Loebell, are members of the board of directors of the Ehrhardt Laboratory, connected with the Krupp works. That the Lowe, Small, Arms Company includes Belgian, French and Italian companies; that there is an *international powder trust,* in which some banks are interested, among which are the "Deutsche Bank" and the "Disconto Gessellschaft."

Dr. Liebknecht has also declared that the industry of warships is international and brings facts to bear on specific cases and gives the names of high dignitaries of the army and the navy who are accused of fraud in this connection.

The statement of Dr. Liebknecht has produced a profound impression and it is probable that a parliamentary inquiry will be ordered.

—*Translated by* JESSIE E. SHEARS.

From a New England Parsonage

At last I am settled in the "study" of the little white parsonage. From one window I can see the steeple of the white church on the hill where I will try to preach the gospel. Not a very big church, nor a rich one, but one that is dead in earnest. Two of the leading "brethren" do the janitor work, donating their services. And with gladness they build the fires, staying up until late Saturday night after a day's work so that it may be warm and comfortable in this cold northern clime. How can one help getting some inspiration in such a warm atmosphere! A week ago Sunday it snowed and rained so that one could not face the storm without flinching; but a good old saint with his wife drove three miles through the storm to hear the first sermon of the pastor. Comparisons are "odorous," but a city man cannot help but think of his city church and wonder who is the poor fellow who preaches to the beautiful empty pews on this stormy Sunday.

From my other study window I can look upon the lake and away in the distance are the mountains to which I can lift up my eyes. The lake is a great highway. Heavy teams go to and fro and the "wood" is hauled for the year. What laughter of the parsonage children when they saw an auto stop out on the ice! The little houses which are pulled out there by horse and left all winter, where the owners sit by the fire and spin—I mean fish—stand like oases of the desert on this great white field of snow. Indeed the housewife said it looked like the first real field that she had seen in New England; for she is a western girl and the tiny fields of New England and the stone walls seemed to her broad western mind like doll gardens.

What fun there must have been in the construction of this body of water. The Indians have named it "Winnipiseogee," "the Smile of the Great Spirit." Beautiful names these children of the Great Spirit can give. Instead of Roosevelt, or Washington, or New Something, or Penn's woods, they give a name with here and there an exception like Chicago, that means a spiritual truth which we are coming to realize. How few of the "higher critics" of our day know that the Great Spirit ever smiles! Perhaps the higher critic never smiles himself.

As Eastman says, the Indian is the baby of God. He never improves a waterfall, but he enjoys it, and sometimes he worships all night looking up at the stars and drinking in the sublimity of the heavens. Like a baby he looks up in the Father's face! Ah me.

"That god which ever lives and loves."

CARLYLE SUMMERBELL.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

Chapter XI.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT OF 1850 AND THE ATTITUDE OF ITS OPPONENTS.

The Fugitive Act of 1850 was an insult to the American conscience and an outrage against the religion which was assumed to prevail in the republic. It placed a legal ban upon Christ's beatitudes. To show mercy to those appealing for mercy, was to expose the merciful to fine and imprisonment. It was promptly followed by widespread refusal to be bound by its provisions. In a multitude of breasts conviction of a "higher law" formed itself spontaneously.

"It has been said sometimes," declared Judge Rockwood Hoar, in his charge in the case of riot that grew out of the rendition of Anthony Burns, July 3, 1854; "it has been said sometimes, and in some places, that there are laws which it is the duty of citizens to disobey or resist. I have no doubt, gentlemen, and I suppose none of you have any doubt, that a law may be enacted by a republican government, as well as an order passed by a despot, which may be in itself wicked; and if a statute is passed which any citizen, examining his duty by the best sight which God has given him, and acting conscientiously and uprightly, believes to be wicked, and which, acting under the law of God, he thinks he ought to disobey, unquestionably he ought to disobey that statute, because he ought to 'obey God rather than man.' I suppose that any man who would seriously deny that there is anything higher than human law must ultimately deny even the existence of the Most High."[1]

To this conclusion many came who made no attempt to state the case in terms like those employed by the great jurist just quoted. Feeling profoundly the iniquity of the statute, they vowed in their hearts never to give it countenance by aiding in its execution.

ANTI-SLAVERY MOBS—THE JERRY RESCUE.

The act gave occasion for anti-slavery mobs. Hitherto mob gatherings had been the peculiar monopoly of pro-slavery citizens. There was a difference between the mobs of the two factions. Anti-slavery mobs never interfered with free speech, never broke up pro-slavery assemblages, never befouled pro-slavery orators with ancient and decayed eggs, never resorted to the coat of tar and feathers with the accompanying riding on a rail. Anti-slavery mobs confined themselves to one species of activity. A mob of this character was never called into motion except to rescue some kidnapped negro. It did as little harm to the kidnappers and government officers as possible. Very many anti-slavery people were professional non-resistants; none of them were of the classes that delight in mischief and destruction.

The city of Syracuse was the scene of an anti-slavery mob in October, 1851, in a case that is historically famous. It was that of the rescue from Federal officers of the negro Jerry McHenry, usually referred to as the "Jerry Rescue." Gerrit Smith and Rev. S. J. May were leaders in the affair.

THE JERRY RESCUE.

Jerry was a runaway slave who had lived in Syracuse for some years in safety, and but for the passage of the act of 1850 doubtless would have been undisturbed for the balance of his days. He was not a person of great importance in the community, not even among his own race, being one of the shiftless sort. But his character was a matter of not the least weight in the case one way or another, when it became known that slave-catchers had seized and were bent upon dragging him back into bondage.

Anti-slavery sentiment in Syracuse was uncommonly strong. It was the home of Rev. Samuel J. May, one of the best known and most influential leaders in the movement, and Peterboro was but a short distance away. The passage of the Fugitive Act had been received with deep indignation in the town, and it had openly been said that no escaped slave should be returned from Syracuse. On the other hand, no less eminent a person than Daniel Webster had declared in a speech delivered in the city in June, 1851, referring to the local opposition to the enforcement of the law, that let an occasion for its enforcement arise and it would be carried out to its letter, even if one of the anti-slavery conventions so often held there were in session at the time.

It happened, curiously enough, that a convention of the Liberty Party was being held on the day of Jerry's arrest. The poor fellow had been taken to the office of the U. S. Commissioner, where Mr. May, who had been promptly informed of the proceeding, found him. In a moment of inattention on the part of his guard, Jerry slipped out of the room and made a wild dash for liberty. Overtaken after a sharp chase, he was roughly thrown into a passing wagon and handcuffed, and with two policemen holding him down was brought back to the Commissioner's office.

One of the despotic features of the Fugitive Act provided that an arrested person should not be permitted to testify in his own behalf. Jerry, therefore, but for his white friends, was utterly helpless, felt himself to be so, and already suffered by anticipation the permanent loss of that freedom which he had enjoyed since escaping from the South.

Mr. Smith, with some score of Liberty Party men, were gathered in the office of Dr. Hiram Hoyt, an active anti-slavery man, where Mr. May soon joined them.

It was planned to rescue Jerry. It was agreed that every pains should be taken to avoid hurting anybody, and Mr. May expressed the hope that if any person should be injured, it might be one of their own party.

The negro meantime had been locked up in the police station. (This could not have happened in Massachusetts, neither in that State would a policeman have been permitted to recapture the escaped prisoner.) At about eight in the evening a party of men approached the prison, bearing a long beam, with a few strokes of which the door was burst open. It was the work of a few moments to find Jerry, who was hurried into the street, lifted into a wagon and swiftly driven to a place of temporary concealment. In the course of a day or two, well supplied with money for his needs, he was on his way to Canada. He reached that land of freedom and safety, and thus Mr. Webster was shown to be a mistaken prophet, in his boast that the Fugitive Slave Law should be enforced in Syracuse, "even in the midst of anti-slavery conventions."

So the matter ended, as far as concerned Jerry, but not as far as concerned a number of the persons con-

1. Life of E. R. Hoar. Storey and Emerson. P. 85.

nected with the rescue. Mr. Allen, the U. S. Marshal, had suffered a broken arm in the scuffle at the police station, which was the only casualty in the affair. But the Federal law had been broken and a vigorous attempt was made to punish those involved in it. Mr. Smith and Mr. May were not arrested, but eighteen other persons were. They were indicted and taken to Auburn. An escort of honor, composed of about a hundred of the leading citizens of Syracuse, in which number were several women, accompanied them. William H. Seward was the first man to put his name on their bond, and he invited the whole company of arrested men to his house.

"Gerrit Smith, Mr. May and Charles A. Wheaton published an acknowledgment that they had assisted to the extent of their ability in the rescue of Jerry; that they were ready for trial; that they would give the court no trouble as to the fact, and should rest their defense upon the unconstitutionality and extreme wickedness of the Fugitive Slave Law."[2] Notwithstanding the publication of this statement, the three leaders were not molested.

The Liberty Party Convention came together the morning after the Jerry affair and proceeded to pass resolutions presented by Mr. Smith, which were animated by a spirit of rejoicing in the work accomplished. The resolutions contained references to Daniel Webster which were a great deal more emphatic than complimentary.

Peterboro, January 17, '52.

To Rev. S. J. May.

My Dear Friend:—I intend to go to Albany Monday to be there during the trials.

I am studying the Jerry matters, so that, should our lawyers get faint-hearted at any time when the testimony may go hard against us, I may be able to take their place.

I hope you will be there during all the trials. You must be a witness in all of them, and must be subpoened. I will explain to you when I see you how effective use we can make in the argument of Marshal Allen's admission to you that the *Fugitive Law is infernal.* I deem that piece of testimony indispensable.

Again, do see to it that we are supplied with witnesses to show the lies which the scoundrels told to Jerry when they arrested him and their subsequent brutal treatment of him in and after recapturing him. They are things to make mighty use of with a jury.

The Diary makes note of journeys to Albany, January 18, 1852, to attend the trials of the persons charged with the resuce of Jerry; to Syracuse, February 11, for the purpose of taking part in the trial of Henry W. Allen, the deputy marshal who arrested the negro, who had himself been indicted for kidnapping; again June 17, to Syracuse, to take part in Allen's trial; June 21 and 23, also on the same errand. Mr. Smith had written an extended argument in the case against the deputy marshal, but the judge would not let the case go to the jury. Allen was acquitted. October 17 Mr. Smith was in Albany once more, to help in defending the Jerry rescuers. The cases were put over as before. January 25, 1853, finds him there again on the same mission, and February 4. Each time the cases were postponed. Finally the government dropped the attempted prosecution.

Meantime the Jerry Rescue Committee had been formed, and for a number of years anniversaries of the event were observed by anti-slavery meetings.

These were great occasions, made so by the way in which they were improved. Theodore Parker, writing to Mr. May in response to an invitation to be present and take part in the second anniversary, says:

Since the battle of Lexington and the Declaration of Independence, few events have taken place in America which better deserve commemoration. There are certain outward acts which represent a great principle of eternal right. It is well to pause on each anniversary thereof, and use the historical occasion to deepen in our minds respect for justice, and the disposition to be faithful thereunto, even in the midst of peril. . . .

I congratulate the men and women of Syracuse on having resisted the Fugitive Slave Bill successfully, openly, at noonday. In her youth the city of Syracuse has done a noble deed which your children's children will be proud of, and when this anniversary comes round, they will each of them say, "My father was one of those who, in 1851, rescued a man from the purchased stealers of men."[3]

THE OBERLIN-WELLINGTON RESCUE.

A case almost as noted as that of the rescue of Jerry at Syracuse took place in northern Ohio, though at a later date. A negro named John, living in Oberlin, was taken by slave-catchers, it was in 1858, and carried to Wellington, nine miles distant. News of the kidnapping quickly flew about the college town, and a company of men speedily gathered prepared to march to Wellington and take the negro out of the hands of his captors. The men were armed and prepared to fight, if need were; but so shrewdly was the affair planned that it was unnecessary to use any violence. They rescued John and started him on the road to Canada.

Under the Fugitive Slave Act thirty-seven persons engaged in the undertaking were arrested and indicted. A professor from the college and several students were among them. The trials, so far as they proceeded, were eminently fair, but they were also continuous ovations for the prisoners. Under a Personal Liberty Law, passed the year previously, the slave-catchers were themselves indicted for kidnapping and attempting to carry out of the State in an unlawful manner, the negro whom they had captured. The final result was a compromise and the dropping of both suits. In the rejoicings over the release of the rescuers of John from jail, a salute of a hundred guns was fired in Cleveland.

Oberlin was one of the most famous abolition centers in the country, and one of the busiest stations on the underground railroad. Its college, beginning under the name of the Oberlin Collegiate Institute, was co-educational and open to colored students. As declared in its charter, the objects of the institution were, among others:

To educate youth of both sexes, so as to secure the development of a strong mind in a sound body, connected with permanent, vigorous, progressive piety—all to be aided by a judicious system of manual labor.

To furnish a seminary affording thorough instruction in all the branches of an education for both sexes, and in which colored persons of both sexes shall be freely admitted, and on terms of equality and brotherhood.[4]

Temperance was inculcated as strictly as equality of the sexes and races. The use of tobacco also was forbidden.

"Not to deliver to his master the servant who had escaped from bondage," said President Fairchild, "seemed to the people a solemn and pressing duty."

Six miles from the village, on the middle ridge road, was a guide-board that carried a significant sign. The

2. Life of Samuel J. May.

3. Weirs' Life of Theodore Parker. Vol. II. Pp. 119-20.

4. Oberlin has the distinction of being the first college in the world to open its classes on this inclusion basis of sex and race.

sign painter, who was something of an artist, had depicted the full length figure of a runaway negro, making all speed in the direction of Oberlin.

It may well be imagined that an institution embodying principles such as those which were carried out at Oberlin, would commend itself powerfully to so zealous a reformer as Gerrit Smith. Such indeed was the case. He was its faithful friend. Among other benefactions to it he gave 20,000 acres of land in the western part of Virginia as an endowment.

Dr. Asa Mahan, president of Oberlin from 1835 to 1850, was a graduate of Hamilton College, in a class six years later than Mr. Smith. The two men were lifelong friends.

Many communities in Ohio harbored anti-slavery sentiments and were forward to defeat slave-catchers. In the southern counties, where only a river divided slave from free territory, the anti-slavery feeling is explained by the fact of many of the early settlers having come from slave states, having left those states because of their hatred of slavery. In other sections in which love of freedom was prevalent, the immigration had been from those portions of New England in which slavery was looked upon with abhorrence. The Connecticut Reserve, in the northeastern corner of the State, was a decided anti-slavery section, and Mr. Howe, in his valuable Historical Collections of Ohio, has preserved the account of the foiling of a party of slave-catchers in 1823, which is interesting as exhibiting the sternness of the anti-slavery temper at that early date. It is the case of

SQUIRE BROWN AND THE SLAVE-HUNTERS.

Late in an autumn day of September, 1823, a group of negroes consisting of a man, his wife and two children passed through Bloomfield, Trumbull County, taking the road to Ashtabula. A few hours later three white men, riding horseback, appeared in the town, making inquiry for the negroes. They stopped at the village tavern. The ignorance of landlord and of citizens generally regarding any negroes was particularly profound and far-reaching. It being so near night, and the travelers being wearied with their journey, they determined to remain at the tavern until the next morning.

It doesn't take news long to spread through a small community, and in a short time it was known that slave-hunters were after the runaway slaves who had been seen in the afternoon. Squire Brown, a leading citizen, thereupon hitched his horse into a wagon and with two or three men started out to find and warn the negroes. They were overtaken, carried to a barn belonging to a farmer in the town of Rome, Ashtabula County, and there secreted.

At the tavern all hands seemed to be over-poweringly sleepy the following morning. Not till a late hour were landlord and servants astir, and breakfast for the slave-hunters was much delayed. When they went to look after their horses, the hostler could not find the key to the stable. A good deal of time was consumed in hunting for the missing key, and when at last it was found and the stable was unlocked, a remarkable accident had happened to the horses of the travelers. Each one of them had cast a shoe. Of course the slave-hunters could not go on until the shoes were set. But here another delay attended them. The blacksmith shop was closed. The blacksmith was hunted up, but he did not have a shoe or a nail in his shop. It required time to forge out three horse-shoes and nails enough to set them, and the blacksmith proved a phenomenally slow workman. Altogether things dragged to that degree that it was nearly midday before the men got off.

When the southerners were well out of town, Squire Brown's wagon drove in, the negro fugitives concealed in the wagon bed under some rubbish. They were taken to a cabin deep in the woods and there hidden until danger was over.

After an interval of three days the party of slave-hunters re-appeared. They were met with a warrant of arrest for passing the tollgate without paying toll, tried before a justice of the peace and each fined $5 and costs. The tavern keeper refused to entertain them. Their horses stood hitched to the posts while the trial was going on in the justice's office, and when it was over and they prepared to mount and turn southward, a piece of paper was found pinned to one of the saddles, bearing this significant doggerel:

Slave hunters, beware!
For sincerely we swear
That if again here
You ever appear,
We'll give you the coat of a tory to wear.

My Library—No. VI.

Coincident with my mind's opening up to the use and beauty of scientific investigation and report, there came another important awakening, namely, an awakening as to the claims of literature as such, or rather as to the claims of literary art, as contradistinguished from what I already had recognized clearly enough as literary use. Before this awakening I had indiscriminately read whatever came to me, but I fear with entirely inadequate appreciation of either form or style. The desire for knowledge had been keen, but the ways in which knowledge was presented had been of subordinate account. I seem to have appropriated, in distinctive and most filial obedience to my own idiosyncrasy, whatever the matter read had for me, irrespective of the judgment of others. This had amounted, in fact, mostly in my having become gradually informed respecting many topics, but as yet but secondarily stimulated by whatever ideality I was then capable of appreciating or responding to. Unlike many others, I seemed to have been more interested in the literal thought and its practical value, than in the consciousness of appropriation, with the expansion of spirit which this produced. But the time came when the manner in which the thought was presented appeared significant. Thus while attending "Whitestown Seminary," the local institution to which all aspiring youth of the neighborhood were sent, there happened to be a few students somewhat older than myself, who had already become enamored of style as well as of matter and ideality. One of these in particular proved to be both inspiring and stimulating to me, in this important respect. Little has Edgar Ai Enos ever suspected his influence upon me, as by his so enthusiastic, lover-like rendering of large portions of Scott's "Marmion," he first impressed upon my soul the significance of literary art, as distinct from mere matters of fact or opinion. I again see and hear him as of old, whenever I read,

"Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,

And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walks that round it sweep
In yellow luster shone,"

and all that follows; and I always feel very thoroughly convinced that his whole impression upon me was not only significant but typical of what anyone's impression upon another might and ought to be, not only in a literary way, but in every other sense. Enos took Scott very seriously and devotedly, and with the good sense which led him to learn how to rightly read and recite his poetry. In his voice there was a cadence attractively corresponding to the rhythm of the poem selected, and appropriately expressive of his own persuasive interest, as well. This led to my wanting to read Scott's other poems by myself, and so, in order to do this at will, I appropriated a portion of the funds saved by boarding myself instead of at the public dining hall, for the purchase of a leather-bound but indifferently printed edition of "Scott's Complete Poetical Works." How I did read in this for a time afterwards! The Old Minstrel and His "Lay," the Lake with its "Ellen's Isle," "Marmion" with its clanging music of war and love, to say nothing of the "Ballads," and all the rest, were indeed a feast set especially for my rapacious soul. They were all indeed good enough for my literary taste then, and, while I wish I could again read them with anything like the relish of that first conscious acquaintance with the form as well as the spirit of poetry as discovered in Scott, I trust I shall never outgrow the beauty or the fineness or the suggestiveness of such portions as, for instance, the beginning of the Fourth Canto of "The Lady of the Lake";

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears,"

or, more especially perhaps, these lines from near the beginning of the preceding canto:

"The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie
Like future joys to Fancy's eye."

Surely such lines as these could well be as joyously and as thoroughly stored in the memory of everyone, against the inevitable hours when the commonplace seems to have lost all possibility of ideality, and the blackness and perplexity of life all the light that can ever relieve them.

"Earning money by saving it," continuing to prove most truly fascinating, I also in this same homely but wholesome way soon accumulated enough to enable me to pay for a much better copy of Shakespeare than my first one—one that I could read with greater comfort as well as greater profit. To do this, I was chiefly prompted by another of my school friends, whose familiarity with much of the Shakesperean text was so evident that he really seemed to know it all, and thus awakened both my wonder and emulation. It was a revelation indeed to hear George A. Penny "dramatize" Shakespeare, all in his own indescribable way. Possessed of both the intellectual capacity to comprehend, and the emotional *quale* to give warmth and force, Penny would soliloquize with Hamlet, rave with Richard, plead with Katherine, woo with Romeo, or rage with Othello, in a way hitherto entirely unheard by me. How vividly the scene of a wintry but sunny afternoon comes back, as, by the little old stove, red-hot, with steaming coffee and roasting potatoes on its top, there sat this "reincarnated" Shakespeare, rolling off scene after scene, some of which I had never even read. That I should have promptly taken to Shakespeare and with greatly increased interest under such an impetus seems natural enough. That I did take to him so far as I was capable was no proof however that I could either get to know, or to love or to mouth him, as did my friend. And now, as I recall the pathos of his life-ending by his own hand not many years after, in obedience to theological delusions that were all too ready to find lodgment in such an impressionable and expressive soul as his, it is no wonder either that now, after forty and five years or more, whenever I read Shakespeare, I hear again that voice so much more clearly than a Booth's or a Mansfield's or a Mantel's or a Wainwright's, or a Marlowe's, or that it still seems to me that none of these have ever succeeded in revealing more of Shakespeare, or of the something prompted by his words, through expression of voice and face and extremity, than did my friend, even though but a country-bred man with little or no rhetorical training to help him. The very soul of Shakespeare seemed at times to take possession of Penny's soul, and to make it impossible for it to fail thus to express itself with surprising accuracy and impressiveness.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

AN ENGLISH APPLE ORCHARD IN THE SPRING

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
An English apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings his story,
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby white,—
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring?

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?

Have you seen a merry bridal in the spring?
In the spring?
In an English apple orchard in the spring?
When the bride and maidens wear
Apple blossoms in their hair,—
Apple blossoms everywhere
In the spring.

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring.
Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring—
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

—*William Martin.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A YEARS WORK

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XVI.

The Assumption of Moses

TEXT: *Other men are buried in the earth; but thy grave is from the rising to the setting sun, from the south to the north; the whole world is thy sepulchre.* xi:8 (Deane).

Again we come upon a little rag of literature, the story of which is perhaps more informing and inspiring than the text itself. So far as its relation to universal truths or our convictions is concerned, it has little or no intrinsic value; but it is a curious, revealing story. The Assumption, sometimes called the Ascension, of Moses, the "going up," the translation, is ostensibly Moses's last word to Joshua. When Moses is about to depart this life he calls Joshua, his right-hand man, chief of staff and secretary of state,—call him what you will, and discloses to him the future career of his people, foretells what is to happen and gives the last directions concerning his burial and Joshua's subsequent authority. The commission is heavier than Joshua can bear, and he "rends his garments," and falling at Moses's feet, pleads that six hundred thousand people to be fed and clothed is too great a responsibility for him. Whereat Moses takes the broken and crushed man by the hand, places him in the chair of state and a sort of primitive coronation takes place. You will notice the dramatic movement, the impressive and picturesque situation.

The text itself is a biased and prejudiced outline of the story of the Jewish people, written from the standpoint of a strict Pharisee, who believed that the Jews were the "chosen of the Lord," and that all human history of necessity rotated around, and centered in, the story of the "chosen people."

For six or seven hundred years the scholars were puzzled as to where and what this "Assumption of Moses" was. Its existence was known in the early centuries; it was quoted, hinted at or assumed in the general literature of both Jew and Christian. But sometime in the Middle Ages the document dropped out of sight, was lost, and the modern world had no idea of its contents except by inference, though it had been sufficiently quoted in early writings to enable a pretty good guess as to its character.

The Ambrosian Library in Milan is one of the richest libraries in the world, particularly in its early Christian material; in 1861 the learned librarian, Ceriani, came upon a find, the story of which is most interesting.

When parchment was costly the poor but thrifty scribes and monks learned how to use it something as we do a blackboard. An ingenious method was discovered by means of which the different writings which had been inscribed upon the palimpsest—as the parchment was called—could be restored by a chemical process and read backward layer by layer. This was developed from the theory that every writer used a different ink, and each hand had its peculiar individuality.

The Milan Library had obtained this particular palimpsest from Pavia, and forty years previous to Ceriani's discovery, about 1821, some clever fellow had picked out a speech of Cicero's from it, and under that speech Ceriani found a portion of the "Assumption of Moses," written in Latin. Here was the major part of a document which scholars knew had existed but which had disappeared from their vision for perhaps six hundred years. Later German scholars worked at it, piecing it out from what they had known previously, and it has been published in successive editions, until at last we have this new book by Prof. Charles of Oxford, which gives the text in the original Latin, also fragments found from various sources in Greek, and a full English translation of about fifty pages, with many learned notes and comments.

One of the latest and least significant books in the New Testament is the so-called Epistle of Jude, only twenty-four verses long, and hard to understand. It reflects the thinking current about a hundred and twenty-five or a hundred and fifty years after Jesus' death. It reflects the theology and expectation of a time so different from our own that we cannot understand it. The ninth verse is as follows:

> But Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing judgment, but said, The Lord rebuke thee.

Indicating acquaintance with the book we are studying today. The influence of this book can also be traced in II Peter ii:10-11, Matt. xxiv:29, Luke xxi: 25-26, and in Stephen's speech in the seventh chapter of Acts, which is a summary so to speak of Jewish history, made as Stephen was dying.

Scholars are agreed that this book brings us clear over the line out of the "B. C." into the "A. D." It was written perhaps while Jesus was a little boy carrying for his mother water from the spring, up there in the backwoods of Nazareth. Clearly it was written after Herod's death in 7 A. D. and before the fall of Jerusalem under Titus, 70 A. D., somewhere between 7 and 49 A. D., probably in Hebrew or Aramaic, no copy of which is extant.

Professor Charles interprets it as the work of a "Quietist," who trusted in Jehovah, and conceived and wrote this prophetic fiction in order to encourage his people and refresh their faith. It is a parable, probbably perfectly clear to his contemporaries. Into the mouth of Moses the writer has put a thumb-nail sketch of the happenings of the Jewish people from his (Moses's) time down to their sufferings under Herod. Of course he had the folk-lore stories which perhaps had been coming down through many generations, reflected and shadowed in the writings of the Rabbis for a thousand years.

The following is the story reflected in the text in Jude, above quoted. There was a struggle between the angel Michael and Satan concerning the body of

Moses, which came about in this wise. Satan, who had now developed into an able-bodied devil, was contending with Jehovah for the administration of the world. His great obstacle was the belief of the Hebrews in the one God, their monotheistic faith. If he could only get the Jews back into polytheism! So long as their faith in the invisible held, they were too much for the Devil. The strategic moment came when Moses died. The Devil saw his chance. He said the people would be so reverential to their great Law-giver, so filled with filial piety toward their spiritual father, that they would build for him a big monument, put up a tombstone, and could be influenced to make a shrine of his grave and so lose their singleness of devotion for Jehovah. Hence the struggle with Michael. The Devil claimed that the material realm belonged to him, the spiritual to Michael. But Michael contrived to snatch away the body of Moses and bury it in a far canyon, nobody knew where, and thus the Jews were saved from a fetish out of a dead man's grave.

The writer says frankly that the future of Jewry is not coming through the merits of the Jew but because the Lord has a purpose to fulfill in them.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What does title "Assumption of Moses" mean?
(2) Give story contained in book.
(3) What was the purpose of the writer?
(4) How was the book restored to the world after having been lost so long?
(5) Give connection of this book with the Epistle of Jude, ninth verse.
(6) Of what value is this book to students today?

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—From all who dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every law, by every tongue.

MON.—How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

TUES.—For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

WED.—Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul;
The mind's the standard of the man.

THURS.—Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

FRI.—There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

SAT.—Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide and fight.

—Isaac Watts.

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

The schoolhouse was a huge affair,
And built right up-to-date;
It towered at least four stories high,
I'm sure—when I was eight.
The windows were of monstrous size,
The cupola was great;
The yard was, say, a half-mile square
Or more—when I was eight.

The fence was carved with rare design,
And ponderous was the gate;
The trees reached clear up to the sky,
They did—when I was eight.
The school bell had a deafening sound
When boys and girls were late;
It could be heard for miles and miles,
I know—when I was eight.

Sometimes in dreams I take my books,
My dinner pail and slate,
And scamper off to school, just as
I did—when I was eight
But now the whole thing's wizened up,
With tears I contemplate
The dear old schoolhouse—now so small!
So big—when I was eight!

Farm and Fireside. *Anne Porter Johnson.*

Great Wall of China in Perfect Condition

Few people realize what an almost perfect condition prevails along a large part of the great wall of China. The bricks of the parapet are as firm as ever, and their edges have stood the severe climatic conditions of North China with scarcely a break. The paving along the top of the wall is so smooth that one may ride over it with a bicycle, and the great granite blocks with which it is faced are smooth and as closely fitted as when put in place over two thousand years ago. The entire length of this wall is 1,400 miles, it is 22 feet high and 20 feet in thickness. At intervals of 100 yards or so there are towers some 40 feet in height.

—Popular Mechanics.

Blind to Hear Printed Characters

The fact that metallic selenium is a better conductor of electricity when light shines upon it than when in the dark, is the basis of numerous experiments looking toward ameliorating the condition of the blind. A recent invention called an optophone consists of a box containing a checkerboard group of selenium cells, each connected with a modified telephone receiver which is applied to the ear. When a printed page in large type, as a poster, is passed in front of this instrument in a strong light, each cell in the group will sound a musical note in the receiver, and the blind man may detect the letter from its note or chord. The letter A, for example, when passed in front of this instrument gives a rising and falling scale, while the middle bar maintains the note for a perceptible instant. The blind man quickly learns to distinguish this combination of sounds as A, and in time to memorize the alphabet. Refinement of the process may, possibly, revolutionize the whole field of teaching the blind.—*Popular Mechanics.*

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THE FIELD

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NO OTHER WAY?

What we wish to ask is, Is there no other way of dealing with the suffrage imbroglio in England than that which is now being pursued? Once again we are being taught the oft-repeated lesson of history that measures of mere repression and coercion directed against the extravagances of a small minority of a large number of reputable men and women engaged in a movement that is in itself just, are insufficient, and indeed futile. In the present instance the extremists are people of unblemished character in all other respects, not a few of them being women not only of negative virtue, but who in various ways have rendered signal service to the state and to humanity. If we regard them as having deteriorated, we are none the less, possibly rather more, responsible; we ought earnestly to inquire into the cause of their moral decline, and see if we can do anything to arrest it, and prevent others undergoing the same process. We have little doubt that the public would receive a shock if it came to know how widespread among women is the state of mind that results in the physical violence and disorder we all deplore. Not only in London, but in the provinces; not only in England, but in Wales, Ireland and staid Scotland are these outbreaks occurring. We are not in the secrets of the militants, but we are convinced it is a mistake to suppose that the various acts of lawlessness that are now of almost daily occurrence are directed from London; indeed, we are assured that the leaders have difficulty in restraining the rank and file from going even further. The general public has no conception how intensely large numbers of peace-loving, good women feel and how deeply they resent the sufferings endured by their leaders and comrades under the Cat-and-Mouse Act and forcible feeding. Thus violence begets violence, and repression is followed by explosion. Again we ask, Is there not a more excellent way? We are not losing sight of the fact that the militants do not represent the women's suffrage movement as a whole. They are only a small, though determined, section of it. We rejoice to know that the great mass of suffragists are working along purely constitutional lines. That is an additional reason, perhaps the most powerful of all, why the responsible government of the country should take some step towards ending an intolerable situation.

—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

ENGLAND'S DRINK BILL.

The drink bill for 1913 is a disappointment. It is true that the conditions of trade might have led us to expect that the consumption of liquor would show an increase for 1913, but, on the other hand, the undoubted increase of sobriety and temperance encouraged the hope in the opposite direction and lead to a reduction last year in the amount of money spent on drink. Mr. Wilson, secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, in his letter to the *Times* estimates that there was an increase of expenditures in 1913 over the previous year of £5,128,000. The increase would not have been so large but for the miners' strike in 1912. But for the stoppage of work caused by that dispute the drink bill for 1912 would have been higher, and, therefore, the comparison of 1913 with 1912 would not have appeared so bad. Though we are disappointed that there was an increase in the sum spent on this unnecessary and wasteful trade, the fact is not altogether without encouragement. Last year was a time of full employment, and the wages bill was probably larger than it has ever been before. The increase is negligible when compared with the increases which used always to accompany good trade in past years. On the expenditure per head of 1874 last year's drink bill shows a decline of one-third. That is good, though we should like to see the rate of reduction more rapid. The average amount spent last year on drink worked out at £3 12s. 5d. per head, or £18 2s. 1d. per family of five. This is an appalling fact, especially when it is remembered that many families are total abstainers. The sum spent last year on drink was about equal to the whole tax revenue of the nation, and was more than the receipts of all the railways of the United Kingdom. Education and legislation must go hand in hand until this enormous waste is abolished.

—*The Christian Commonwealth.*

Friends of peace will be grateful to the Bishops of Lincoln and Oxford for their support in Convocation of a proposal to enlarge the scope of a new petition, which it is suggested should be introduced in the Litany. The petition is as follows: "That it may please Thee to bless and keep the King's Forces by sea and land and to shield them in dangers and adversities." The Bishop of Lincoln moved to substitute "All servants of the King" for "The King's Forces." It is an admirable change, and if the spirit in which it is conceived could be made to prevail, it would help to give the church a new outlook over the whole field of modern life by weakening the defences of its aristocratic traditions, which still keep it in close association with the governing classes, and make it more natural to pray for the army and navy than for miners and operatives and school teachers and social reformers, and all who by their industry and character uphold the pillars of the State.

The Inquirer.

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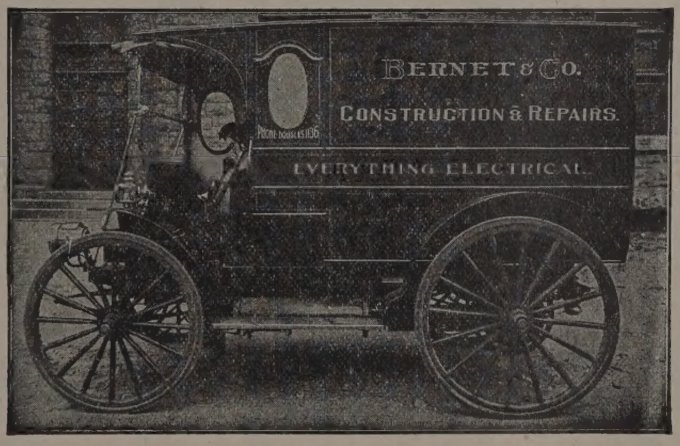

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